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ABSTRACT

This pamphlet contains 28 articles written by high school students based on interviews with community members from 17 ethnic groups. The interviews were conducted by the students as part of a unit on immigration within their social studies course. The interviews illustrate many aspects of ethnic studies which are based on the human rather than the academic dimension. Among the ethnic groups represented are Yugoslavs, Czechoslovakians, Poles, Serbians, French, Sicilians, Austrians, Mexicans, East Germans, Koreans, Scottish, English, Italians, and Albanians. Many of the interviewees were older adults who had immigrated to the United States early in the 20th century. Their stories describe life in their native countries, holiday customs, immigration experiences on Ellis Island, first impressions of life in the United States, their first jobs in the United States, marriages and deaths of family members, and benefits of living in the United States. (AV)

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LOOK HOW FAR YOU'VE COME

SO 010 954

Division of General Education
Bureau of Curriculum Services
Department of Education
1977

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INTRODUCTION

In October 1975, Mary Elaine Lozosky, a social studies teacher at Burgettstown High School, taught a unit on immigration in her Problems of Democracy classes. Her main objective in this unit was to have her students develop an awareness and appreciation of the ethnic diversity existing in their local communities. Each student volunteered to do a supplementary project involving the use of oral history interviews.

This publication consists of articles written by the students on the basis of their interviews with various community residents.

These 28 interviews present individuals from 17 different ethnic/racial backgrounds; they contain many aspects of ethnic studies which are based on the human rather than the academic dimension, and they provide valuable instructional materials for the study of Pennsylvania's multiethnic heritage.

The Pennsylvania Department of Education extends appreciation to Ms. Lozosky and the students of the Burgettstown School District and to Dr. Bruce Weston of California State College of Pennsylvania who served as resource consultant for this project.

Interviewed: Katarina Jardas Filip Interviewer: Linda Brunelli

This essay is a series of answers to questions I asked Katarina Filip, 77 years old, of Baden, Pennsylvania. She has been married twice; her first husband died of black lung.

"I was the 13th of 14 children born in a town called Gorski Kota in Yugoslavia. There was never any formal schooling for me even though I learned to read Croatian from my brother before I was of school age. The priests at the local church school wanted to educate me at their expense, but my father didn't want a daughter to be smarter than he was.

"Life during childhood and adolescence consisted of tending cattle when I was old enough to wield a stick. I learned to climb a tree as well as any boy and was quite strong for my small size. I am now only 4' 11" tall. We grew our own food and carried water in tubs on our heads from the streams.

"At times, when my father had a little too much wine, he would close all of the children out of the house, and we would sleep in the fields or barn as the weather would permit.

"When I was 19, I got a job in a match factory. The distance I walked to and from work was more than a kilometer. My job was to wrap the packages of matches.

"In my dreams only, I thought of coming to America. Then, one day a young man who was already in America got my address and description through a mutual acquaintance. Though we had never met, we became friends through correspondence. He was a lonely man, working in the mines, and had a brother nearly 200 miles away from my home. He saved enough money for my fare and needed expenses and sent it to me. He offered marriage, but said if, after meeting him, I chose not to, he would understand.

"I consulted my mother and she said it would have to be my decision. In my excitement, I decided I would and promised to come back and visit her. She said, 'No daughter, you won't unless you have two hearts--one to leave in America, and one to bring back to me.' Wisely, she knew I would never come back. She and my father died without my getting to see them again. My father did not believe I was leaving until my trunks were actually taken away.

"The trip from my town to Zagreb was by train and thence from Zagreb to the seacoast. My trip to the United States was by the Cunard Liner - Aquitania, a huge and frightening ship. I did not know a soul on this entire voyage but most of us, being in the same predicament, would try to make friends with others. Because of my Mediterranean-looking features, dark hair and light olive skin, I was many times mistaken for Italian, and people would come along and say, "Parla 'Talian," and I would just look at them.

"The worst of my memories were of Ellis Island, outside of New York. This was the immigration depot at that time where you were sent until your sponsor came for you. As if it wasn't bad enough to be lonely and frightened, we were treated worse than my cattle were treated. They herded us into this big room with only a very few of our belongings. One spent the whole day wondering what would happen if no one came for him. We ate what was put in front of us. At night we were shown to a metal bed with springs and no mattress. We were given

one blanket--which we could use for padding or as a cover. I ended up rolled up in mine. Thank God I was allowed my own pillow. In the morning, we were awakened by the guards banging the foot of the bed with a club. I spent two frightful days and two wakeful nights there before my future family came to claim me. How good they looked!

"From New York, we motored to Cleveland, deciding on the way to give a try at marriage. We were married in St. Paul's Cathedral in Cleveland with very little ceremony except to get the sacraments of the church. There was no honeymoon because we had to get back to the little coal-mining town in southeastern Ohio where my husband Andy worked.

"We bought the necessary odds and ends of used furniture and rented a farmhouse. I knew very little about cooking and could not speak a word of English. My husband spoke and understood enough English to get by. Our countrymen lived a mile or more away, so they couldn't always help. The person that proved to be the most help to me was a black woman in our area. She was kind and understanding and, above all, patient. She would convey to me in any way she could the things she wanted me to understand.

"My first attempt at bread-making was a disaster. I knew that it took flour and shortening, salt and even milk--but yeast! Who knew you needed yeast for bread? I certainly didn't. That bread didn't raise and with just a little mortar you could have started building a house!

"We bought many of our supplies at the company store, simply because it was the only store around. We grew our own lettuce, tomatoes, carrots, cabbage, horseradish, corn, green beans and potatoes. We raised a cow for milk and usually managed to buy enough beef from the people who raised a few beef cattle. Some of our meats were smoked to keep them longer. From time to time we raised our own hogs and did our own butchering. Bristles were removed by flaming, then scalding with water and scraping with a knife. The only time we had help for this was if we happened to have boarders.

"Canning was done in water bath. We had metal lids with porcelain-type lining and circles of rubber, called jar rings, to seal the jars. Our sauerkraut was made in large earthenware crocks. We made and bottled our own ketchup. Andy even made home-brew at times. We would buy malt, and there were usually directions with it. It was not as bitter as beers today. We raised a small flock of chickens--some for cooking, some for eggs.

"We quickly adopted as many American ways as possible. There were not too many advantages in trying to keep our old ways of life, except for self-preservation. If you were poor, it was hard to be anything but poor, especially if you had very little to begin with. Our neighborhood in later years was a mixture of nationalities. Very few of us had cars, so church-going was restricted to when we had transportation. We found a way to get there for the weddings, christenings and communions. Wedding receptions were held in the bride's home or the couple's future home. You had music if there were any musicians in the neighborhood. Usually there was someone with an accordion, or there might even be a three- or four-piece group.

"With all the talk of religion now, I feel that we were more religious because we learned our Bible and tried to make every day one in which we lived according to His gospel.

"Our children were usually delivered with neighboring women as midwives. The doctor might be present for the birth, though usually he was not, but he was required to fill out the birth record.

"For Christmas, I made nut bread and would put half dollars inside the bread in different spots. You know in what the children were interested! We usually had oranges and apples and nuts. One year, about 1934, we had a Christmas tree with candle holders and real candles. We didn't dare to leave it lit long, for fear of burning the house down.

"We would try to pass on some of the old stories, especially if there were several of the same nationality together. The children would naturally want to hear everything, so in this way, they learned some of the things that amused or frightened us.

"My husband and I loved music and singing, and on special occasions, we would get together with friends and sing until late at night, usually without accompaniment.

"When we moved to Dilles Bottom, Ohio, we would go to the picnic grounds at Belmont Park, about a mile away. A Croatian band from Shadyside, called the Tamburasi (pronounced "tamburash") would play the Yugoslavian music, and we would dance the kolo and other group dances and have a picnic from noon until dark.

"I raised four children, mostly without the aid of my husband because he died when I was 41 years old. He worked in a mine and died of black lung. Social Security did not exist at that time, so I had to work washing clothes for neighbors and helped to do the chores. My son also went to work with the WPA at that time. I still brought water from the stream. Eventually I was able to use a neighbor's hand pump. I didn't own a car and never learned to drive. I remarried in 1955 to Mike Filip. We lived in Youngstown, Ohio, where Mike worked as a crane operator in a steel mill."

Mrs. Filip likes to knit and sew. She says she is always ready to learn more. Now she is taking a homemaking class and is learning weaving and macrame.

She bakes her own bread often and makes a variety of baked goods for the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Filip accepts new ideas, but she also carries out some of the customs of the "old country". Most of the time, when baking, instead of using and electric mixer, she uses a wooden spoon.

Mrs. Filip has four children, 22 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. She is an extremely proud woman and enjoys all members of her family. She loves to make big dinners and enjoys such things as an outdoor ham or lamb barbecue with the entire family present.

Mrs. Filip now lives in Baden, Pennsylvania, in Beaver County. She is 77 years old. She receives Social Security and Insurance Benefits as her income. She says, "The world has changed a lot, and I have tried to change along with it. I have enjoyed living in the United States, and I hope my children realize their privileges.

Interviewed: Mildred Grubor Interviewer: Sheila Golonka

Serbian Christmas is celebrated on January 7 because of observation of the Julian calendar. Preparation of holiday food and customs is begun after the fasting of three weeks has come to an end.

On Christmas Eve all preparation for Christmas Day is started. No food is eaten, but one may drink black coffee if he desires. The men begin barbecuing a pig which will later be glazed and decorated while holiday cakes and pastries are being prepared by the women. Towards evening all lights remain on and the furnace is kept burning, or a fire is lit in the fireplace to welcome Christ into their home. Straw, a representation of the manger where Christ was born, is brought in by the head of the house and scattered on the floor where the family is to eat. Into this straw is thrown money to bring the family prosperity. The straw is not swept until three days have passed.

Before dawn on Christmas, a male of any age must enter the house; women are not permitted to enter until a male has entered. When the male enters the house, he is greeted with Serbian words meaning, "Good evening on this Christmas Eve." He then replies, "Christ is born." He is then given a gift; this is usually a cake in the form of the cross. Wishing them good luck for the coming year, he throws money in the staw for their prosperity. They, in turn, perform a gesture of good will.

In the early morning hours little chores such as sewing ripped garments are done by members of the family, helping them become more alert in the coming year.

At noon a coin cake, a cake baked with a coin in it, is placed on the table. The male at the head of the table starts rolling the cake on the table with each member touching it. The two males sitting on both sides of the table break the cake in half and each member in turn breaks off a small piece of the cake. The person receiving the coin in his piece is the one who will receive good luck for the coming year. This starts the meal.

The barbecued pig which is now glazed and has an apple or orange placed in its mouth is brought to the table. A portion of corn mush which is eaten with the eyes closed is given to each member seated at the table. As it is eaten, words for good luck are said.

After the evening meal, a game called "Pee, Pee, Qua, Qua" is played where the straw has been laid out. In this game all the members represent the mother hen and her peeps because of the line they form and the sounds they make. The person at the head of the line says, "Pee, pee, qua, qua." With this all members dive into the straw to find the money that had been thrown in there during the day. The one with the most money at the end of the game has prosperity coming his way in the next year. This usually closes the evening. As they part, words of good wishes for the family are said.

These traditions are still carried on in some homes today, but they are slowly fading as the younger generation is becoming more modernized.

Interviewed: John Reyda Interviewer: Diane Martin

Mr. Reyda was born on September 26, 1900, in Czechoslovakia and is presently a retired Weirton Steel worker. He is 76 years old. He beongs to a Byzantine Catholic Church (St. Mary's Greek Catholic Church.)

Mr. Reyda was born in a small village in Czechoslovakia. He doesn't remember much about his childhood except for the fact that the entire country was filled with poverty and times were bad. His father was the owner of a ranch-type place and had many families working under him. His father was wealthier than most other Czechoslovakians but could still be considered poor under our standards.

Mr. Reyda served in the army for four years from 1917 until 1920 and was married in 1918 to Mrs. Reyda, who was also a native of the same small village. Mr. Reyda fought in World War I and saw very little of his newly-wedded wife for a period of three years. He was discharged from the army in 1920.

Mr. Reyda asked his father if he could spare him enough money to get to the new land of America to start a new life. His father, seeing no reason why he would want to leave, simply said "no". Mr. Reyda then turned to his older sister who was now living in America. After a period of 14 months, Mr. Reyda received a letter from his sister along with $201. This would be of great value to him because American money was more valuable than Czech money. Since the Czech government did not want anyone to leave their country, Mr. Reyda had to secretly buy the passport and secretly leave. There were also a few lies told in the process.

Mr. Reyda, after promising his wife he would get a job and earn enough money to send for her, left for America. He arrived on June 1, 1922, and made his home in a small mill town in West Virginia known as Weirton. His next step was to locate a job in order to save enough money to send for his wife. But there was one major problem he was facing--he couldn't speak any English. One day in desperation he went to apply for a job at a small steel mill in Weirton. Luckily for him the foreman who interviewed him could speak the same Slovak language he spoke. He was hired the next day and paid 17 cents an hour in wages. His first pay was a total of $31; his second pay was $99. This was a result of working 12 to 18 hours a day without time out for lunch or coffee breaks.

In only two short months he saved enough money to send for Mrs. Reyda. This was done by saving almost every penny he earned.

Mrs. Reyda went to an elementary school in Weirton, her fellow students being around the age of six to eight years old. For many weeks she would come home crying because she thought she was too dumb to learn the English language until Mr. Reyda encouraged her to go on, and every night he would have her teach him what she had learned that day.

Mr. Reyda has lived in Weirton since that day in 1922 and says that he loves America and would never go back to his native country. His job in the Weirton Steel Mill lasted 45 years until his retirement.

Interviewed: Rose Soplinski Interviewer: Michele Soplinski

As a little girl in Poland,my great grandmother, Sophia Starck (married name), never went to school. Instead, she went to work in the potato fields to help her family. Besides working in the fields, she also had to help with a lot of the housework. As she grew older she learned the art of sewing and was very good at it.

She then was married to Albert Starck. Her wedding was only a one-day affair even though some weddings were two or three days long. The bride was dressed in a long white dress with a woven wreath of flowers and ferns with white ribbons for a veil. The bridesmaids wore colored dresses with a woven wreath of ferns with colored ribbons. As there were no honeymoons after the wedding, they started their marriage life.

Their one-room house had mud walls with a thatched roof. They also had livestock which consisted of a few pigs, cows, chickens and two horses to pull their wagon.

When Christmas time came there was no shopping and decorating as we know it today. Instead they had very common things. They made all food on Christmas Eve, to be eaten during the holidays. Then when dinner time would come along they would start by passing and breaking the Holy Bread. After this, there were 13 dishes set on the table, and everyone had a little bit of each dish. Then they went to Midnight Mass. Instead of putting money in the church collection basket, they would give the priest chickens or eggs because they didn't have the money. When the four children awoke on Christmas morning, there were no toys to be found or even exchanges of gifts. A Christmas tree with candles, candy and nuts was considered a real treat because they couldn't be found and were expensive.

In 1911 the family decided to come to America. My great grandfather came first to buy a house and earn enough money to send for the rest of the family. When he finally sent for the rest of the family, they came by ship. Since they couldn't read or write English, they were given tags with their names and destinations. Even though they were served quite well and had good food, many people were sick. When they landed in New York City, they didn't know anybody. They took a train to Carnegie and that is where they established permanent residence. My great grandfather, who died at an early age, worked in a mill 12 hours a day and received very low wages. My great grandmother found many things different in the United States such as more-than-one-room houses, but they needed it because after they arrived in the United States, they had three more children. Some of the other things she found strange were tomatoes, bananas, oranges, streetcars, bakeries and cars. She died two weeks before she would have become 80 years of age. Even though they found many things different in the United States, they liked it much better because they had more than what they did in their previous situation.

Interviewed: Myra Lyn Schilinski Interviewer: Sheila Golonka

The Serbian wedding traditions have changed during the years, but some customs are still being used.

The bride and groom fast for a week prior to the Sunday when they will be married. As the bride's father accompanies her up the aisle, the choir begins to sing. Together the bride and groom approach the priest, who is behind a small round table. He then hands them each two candles which will be lit off the eternal light. These candles have the Serbian cross in the center, and the base has stripes of red, blue and white symbolizing the Serbian flag. The priest then crowns them king and queen because it is their day. Switching the crowns three times, he says Serbian prayers. Now the candles are given to the godfather and best man who are standing behind the bride and groom. Tying the right hands of the bride and groom with a white handkerchief, the priest unites them in marriage. The priest offers the chalice containing wine to the bride and groom, himself and the attendants, each sipping it three times. The crowns are removed and given to the best man and godfather, who place them on the table. The bride and groom walk around the table three times. The handkerchief is removed by the godfather while the best man gives the rings to the priest. These rings will be exchanged by the bride and groom, placing it on their fingers and removing it three times. This concludes the one-and-a-half hour ceremony.

The bride and groom are met on the outside of the church by the Tamburitzans, a Serbian orchestra, playing music. The guests shower the bride and groom with coins to bring them prosperity in the years ahead. The money is gathered by the godfather and later given to the couple.

The wedding party and guests then go to the bride's home or a hall for a celebration which lasts three days. Everything is done in threes because this symbolizes the Holy Trinity.

Serbian weddings today are done modern style because of the many changes in the church and society. Even though a lot of changes have taken place, mixed marriages are still not permitted.

Interviewed: Katherine Rosnick Interviewer: Denise Pyles

IMMIGRATION MEMORIES

In late September 1923, at the tender age of 16, Katherine Rosnick set out to start a new life in a strange and completely different world. Only a photograph, a single suitcase and a mind full of memories served as her building blocks.

The memories were of her childhood in the small Yugoslavian village of Draskorvitz, located near the (now) capital city of Belgrade.

Born Kata Loncar in 1907, she was the fourth daughter and fifth child of agrarian parents. Her father died shortly after the birth of her youngest sister, Smiljanja, in 1909. A loving uncle broke off his engagement and devoted his time to the care of the six Loncar children and their mother.

As the children grew older, they helped their uncle on the five or ten acre farm. Corn, wheat and oats were the major crops, but animals such as cows, goats, hogs and sheep were equally important. Most farms possessed three horses: two for plowing fields and one for transportation.

Although good farm land was limited because of the mountainous terrain, crops were abundant enough for a large family. Breakfast usually consisted of eggs, sausage and palenta, a type of cereal made of corn meal balls and milk. Soups, such as chicken, onion, noodles and tomato, made the lunch menu; meat--mostly beef and smoked ham--were always found on the table at supper time. White bread was a rarity, but cornbread and salads accompanied every meal.

The process of food preservation began with the removal of any seeds. Next the fruit or vegetable was strung with thread and set out in the sun to dry. Handmade clay crocks were used as storage containers.

Every once in a while, carts loaded with extra food or other sellable merchandise would journey to the village on the long, narrow streets surfaced with broken stones. The money received went to the purchase of shoes or colored material (white fabrics were spun at home).

Nicolai and Christmas made January the favorite month of the Loncar children. Nicolai was a religious holiday usually on the Sunday after Christmas (January 7th), but since quietness was essential on holy days, a celebration was held on Saturday night with everyone in the village in attendance. The sounds of singing voices and dancing feet made up for the lack of musical instruments.

The festival continued throughout the following week. The mornings and afternoons were spent in the Serbian Orthodox church, but the evenings remained the same. Neither brightly wrapped gifts nor decorated trees were visible on Christmas day; the poor townsfolk were content with large family reunions and nuts scattered on a white tablecloth instead.

At the age of six, Kata was fortunate enough to attend school. This school, located four miles from her village, was a tuition school. Her luck didn't last long though, because within three months a flood destroyed a bridge, killing several school children and forcing Kata's educational ideas to be abandoned.

A few years later, during World War I, the central powers invaded many Serbian villages, one of which was Draskorvitz. The troops burned buildings, slaughtered animals and stole crops. Kata's only brother was captured and placed in a prison camp. In refuge, the Loncars spent three or four months in an underground cave lit by kerosene lamps. Grass concealed the wooden entrances.

Her brother escaped from the camp and fled to the United States with his cousin. They sent the family many articles like sugar, clothing and, perhaps the most important, the address of a barber named George Rosnick.

Mr. Rosnick, 26, was also a Yugoslavian immigrant to the United States. Raised in Podvi, his original name was Juro Rosonovich before he and his brother, Joseph, had it legally changed.

After writing letters to each other for six months, Kata and George decided to marry. Despite protests waged by her uncle, Kata accepted the money George had won at a poker game, boarded a train to Zagreb, and headed west on the next ship to the United States. Several weeks later the group of immigrants landed at Ellis Island, New York, but were not permitted to leave the ship until morning.

Ellis Island became like a sieve as it closely examined all luggage as well as its owners. At the end of two days, all healthy individuals wore a red and white ribbon on their right shoulder while all unacceptable persons, marked by a blue ribbon on their left shoulder, returned to their ship.

Kata, her name translated to Katherine in English, first caught a train to Pittsburgh, Pa., before taking another one to Caldwell, Ohio. Once there, Katherine recognized George from his picture, but another man took her for someone else as he tried to take her home. When George approached she demanded identification, forcing him to return home to get the picture that Katherine had sent months earlier.

Terrified of the unfamiliar automobile, Katherine had her first ride to a neighbor's house, where she stayed for a week.

On October 3, 1923, Katherine and George were united in marriage by a Justice of the Peace in Caldwell. The bride wore black because of the death of Mr. Rosnick's first wife and two sons three years previously, all of whom died of tuberculosis within two months.

Two years later, the couple and their first son, Rudy, moved to a Burgettstown, Pa., farm. Mr. Rosnick worked in Francis Mine. It was here that Katherine first saw a Negro; her initial thought was that he didn't wash after returning from the mines.

The second son, Mike, was born in New Cumberland, W. Va., the location of another coal mine.

In Stratton, Ohio--the birthplace of George Jr. and Pauline--Mr. Rosnick worked for a clay company which made sewer pipes and bricks until the depression forced it to close.

Soon the family heard of jobs available at a steel mill in Weirton, W.Va., and moved once again. The family increased in size with the addition of another son, Paul, and three daughters, Marjorie, Dorothy and Mary Ann.

Mr. Rosnick died in 1965. Katherine remains alone in the same house in Weirton where she raised her eight children.

Katherine Rosnick to Denise Pyles

Yugoslavian Nut Roll

8 cups flour
3/4 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 lb. shortening
1 sm. cake yeast
1 cup milk
4 eggs, beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla (if desired)

Sift flour, sugar and salt. Cut in shortening to the size of peas. Dissolve yeast in warm milk and add beaten eggs to mixture.

Add to flour mixture and knead until it comes away clean from the fingers. Place in large bowl or pan, cover with tea towel and place in cool spot overnight.

When ready to bake, let dough stand at room temperature until dough softens. Roll dough thin on floured surface.

Spread nut filling (below) over the dough surface. Brush top with beaten eggs and bake for 45 minutes to 375°.

Nut Filling

6 cups walnuts, ground
2 cups milk
2 cups sugar or honey
1½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix together in saucepan; bring to slow boil. Take off heat and let cool before spreading on dough.

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Interviewed: Germaine Martin Interviewer: Lisa Delacourte

Germaine is 79 years old and an immigrant from Bruay, France. She lived there until she reached the age of 25. She had to quit school when she was 10 years old so that she could go to work and help her parents through the Depression. She had to sacrifice her future ambition of being a seamstress for a coal mining job. Her mining job was not hard or dangerous because all she did was sort lumps of coal. The money that she made went all to her mother and father. She did not argue on this matter for children were not permitted to talk back to their parents.

Germaine and her family had to travel from coal town to coal town finding jobs so that they could survive the meager ways of the Depression. The strike that she is very familiar with is the big coal miners' strike. They picketed for better and safer working conditions. When asked why she remembers only this one, she replied, "My father worked in the mines all of his life since there were only coal mining jobs available." It kept her family close. Since the mines were close to where they lived, her father was never gone at work a long period of time.

When thinking of coming to America she always thought that she would be a millionaire. She always heard America being called the millionaire country. Every American was supposed to be a millionaire. She was very anxious to see the rich country.

At the age of 25 she came into our country by way of New York. She can not recall that she was discriminated against for any reason. There were very few blacks so she really didn't know any thing about them until about 10 years ago. She has never belonged to a union, but she feels that they are better for the families that do. When she was a child, her mother always forced education and wanted her to become a seamstress, but with the Depression going on and a little brother that she had to care for she could not fulfill her mother's wishes.

She was always closer to her mother because her father died at a very young age of 32. She was always with her mother. Her mother was very religious, so she always had to go to church. They were Catholic since 99 per cent of France was Catholic. Germaine has lived in 30 different places in France and the United States. When asked which was her favorite she said the United States, but she misses France.

She still talks mostly in French since she cannot speak English clear enough for people to understand her. She said she missed being able to talk to someone from France who could understand her. When she arrived here she had a job in a hotel which she liked very much, but she had to retire.

She is receiving a pension and taking it easy, enjoying the few years she has left. The things that she is most proud of are the fact that she came over to America and her children. She now resides in Greentree, Pa., with her son and daughter-in-law. She has always enjoyed the United States.

Interviewed: William Castellino Interviewer: Tammie Castellino

My grandfather's name is William Castellino, Jr. He was born in Sicily on July 22, 1896. His parents' names were Josephine and William. They were born in Sicily. He had five brothers (one deceased now) and no sisters. All his family came from Sicily, and his brothers still reside there. His education was little. He attended a small one-room school house until the sixth grade. He was brought up as a Roman Catholic by his parents, who also followed this religion. He went to church on every day at 6:00 in the morning. During World War I, he fought in the Italian army where he served as a corporal. While in the army, he attended a barber school which is his present occupation (1975).

He came to America as a man of 22 with the ambition of becoming a citizen. He arrived in New York in 1918 alone. He came to this country by way of a boat. After arriving, he was taken to a place where he had to get a vaccination. He came to the United States because this friend lived here and wrote him of the different freedoms and opportunities this country offered. His friend met him in New York and then took him to Burgettstown. He lived with his friend for awhile until he could learn our language. He attended a night school in our town where he learned to speak English. Up to this present day he cannot write in English except for his name.

After learning the language he bought a house where he now lives. In this house was a spare room where he soon began his business as a barber. Then in 1928 the Great Depression came. Its effects were terrible. People were starving because of lack of food, money and job opportunities. The nation had many problems to face.

Right before the Depression came about, William Castellino was married to Phillis Cavillier in 1924. She was a Catholic of Italian descent. She was formerly of Midway, Pa. Their marriage was just a simple house wedding held in Burgettstown, where just the immediate family and a priest attended. In 1926 their first son, William Michael, was born. Then in 1928 (Oct. 25) the second son, Joseph Richard, was born, and then finally in July 1932 their third son, Robert Dennis, was born. In 1944 he and his wife were separated and then later divorced.

My father (Joseph) recalls his life as being one of a strict nature. Schooling and religion were the most important things in my grandfather's eyes and still are for his grandchildren. He now resides in the original house purchased in 1918. His age now is 79 and in July will be 80. He is still in the barber shop business. He says each year he's going to retire, but he probably never will. He has seven grandchildren -- two girls and five boys ranging in age from 23 to 10. The holidays today are celebrated with the whole family getting together and going to mass at 9:00, then serving dinner at 12:30. My grandfather sits at the head of the table and everyone gets wine. He says grace, and then everyone sits down to eat. His hobbies include his job, and he loves to cook Italian dishes.

Interviewed: Mary Mikco Interviewer: Penny Parkin

In 1912, Miss Mary Casper came to the United States from Austria. It cost her $40 American money but $60 Austrian money. She came here to live with her father, who immigrated in 1910, and her mother, who immigrated in 1912. Miss Casper arrived in New York on May 30, 1913. After she came to Pittsburgh by train, they tried to locate where she was to go. Finally, a translator discovered she was to take a train that night to Burgettstown. For this trip, they supplied her with an adequate meal which cost a dollar. When she got to Burgettstown, she told them she wanted to go to Cherry Valley. In order to get to Cherry Valley, she helped a man sell ice cream until he came to Cherry Valley. When Miss Casper got to Cherry Valley, the postmaster told the vendor to take her to number five, which is a house for Polish immigrants. Finally, she was reunited with her mother and father.

When Miss Casper was young, she never attended school. She had to stay home to tend to her little brother and sister, and she also had to tend the livestock. A truant officer came to her home one time but after that, he never came again.

When Miss Casper was 21, she married and became Mrs. Mary Mikco. Her husband was a miner in Cherry Valley; thus he made enough money for their family to live on. They also had extra income coming in because Mary made and sold quilts and clothing.

Mary lived during World War I, World War II and the Depression. She said these times were very hard, but her husband made enough to live on. Even though there was rationing at this time, they were given enough on which to survive.

Mrs. Mikco went through a lot in her lifetime but she was happy because she had many good times, too. She remembers when scientific changes came about and most of the social problems in the world. I'm happy to say even though Mary's 78 years of age, she is living happily on a farm doing what she started out in life doing -- farming.

Interviewed: Gus Sergakis Interviewer: Christina Sergakis

It is now 54 years since my grandmother has come to southwestern Pennsylvania. Already having two brothers in the United States, she decided to come over by herself. Not being too enthusuastic about seeing the United States, my grandmother then boarded a train to Frances Mine where she has lived all her life. She first met my grandfather in Burgettstown. He had come to the United States to get a job as a coal miner. Working in the coal mines all of his life for small wages, he successfully raised a family of four children. The father was always the boss of the family. There were all types of ethnic groups in Frances Mine, mostly Italians, Poles, Spaniards, and Greeks.

As far as holidays and weddings went, there were always large weddings, and Christmas and Easter were the main holidays. Halloween existed but wasn't half as important as Christmas and Easter.

Most food was supplied by the garden, and chickens were raised. Vegetables from the garden were usually canned during the winter months. Sunday meals usually consisted of Greek grape leaves, a delicious main dish, or lamb and rice.

With a great effort my grandparents went through many hardships. With this effort they helped benefit my father as well as his brothers and sisters.

Interviewed: Juanita Mendez Interviewer: Renee Smith

"I, Juanita Garcia Mendez, was born on September 7, 1905, in San Francisco Gto. Delrican, Mexico. My father, Tomas Garcia was a carpenter. My mother, Elena was a housewife. Both of my parents were very religious; in fact, as a child I had wished to be a nun.

"In 1914 my father came to the United States to settle and find work. In 1916 my mother and we five children joined him in San Antonio, Texas. I could not read nor write English. I had only just completed the 4th grade. Work was very hard to find in the United States. My father was a laborer here; we had to travel a great deal. Neither I nor my family had ever been discriminated against, to my knowledge.

"In 1918 or 1919 we moved to St. Louis, Illinois, and there I met my husband, Jose Mendez. He, too, had come from Mexico. In 1921 my husband and I went back to Mexico to live. My husband bought a bar, hoping to get some profit from it; but we didn't really make anything from it. I can remember the time my husband was working in the bar, when two men got into a fight over some silly little thing. Well, one of the men got cut with a broken bottle or something. In Mexico the law was that the owner of the bar was responsbile for the injured man's damages; so the police were after Jose. That was the end of the bar!

"We then came back to the United States in 1924. This time my husband got a good job with American Zinc. We found a house in Burgettstown, Pa., that same year. We then decided to raise a family. The times were hard, but we knew that we could manage. We had eleven children: Mary Bea, Christina, Juanita, Lucy, Santos, Carlos, Joseph, Thomas, Fernando, and the twins, Bob and Bill. We were very happy with our family.

"In 1971 Jose died in a hospital in Washington, Pa. Since then I have been residing in Langeloth, Pa. I still find enjoyment in life. I have 30 grandchildren and one great grandchild. Most of my family lives here in the Burgettstown area.

"In 1974 my daughter Juanita and I visited Mexico. The people were still the same except they had progressed a little. I was so thrilled with my visit, words could not explain. I took with me many American dollars. One American dollar was worth 12 pesos in Mexico. That's a lot of money! I went back again in June of 1975, and I am planning to go again in 1976. But, I'm only going to visit--my life, my home, my family is in the United States."

Interviewed: Chrirista Gaertner Gourley Interviewer: Jacki Diamond

Chrirista Gaertner Gourley of R.D. #3 Burgettstown, originally from Dresden, East Germany, began her fleeing at age 18. The Gaertner family began fleeing in 1949. The reason for running was because Buendorf Gaertner (Chrirista's father) was too open in his opinions about the Communist government.

Mr. Gaertner knew that there would be trouble for him and his family, so they fled to Sachsen, a small town in West Germany. A few months later Sachsen was bombed, so now the Gaertner family moved to Stuttgart, a city south of Sachsen. Chrirista's family still resides in Stuttgart.

Chrirista still wanted more freedom so she moved to Boston to see an old girlfriend and just to see what the United States was like. Chrirista came to United States without expectations, but she realized that it would be hard for her to get a job. John Hancock Insurance Co. employed her as a full-time bookkeeper in Boston. Chrirista states, "You must be lucky to be admitted into such a country with freedom and so much more that other countries do not have.

"Chrirista met her husband in Boston. They were married in 1962. At that time they moved to this area. Mrs. Gourley said the marriage ceremony was very different from those in Germany. One tradition is: the night before the ceremony, friends of the bride make noise and spill trash on her porch, and she is supposed to clean it up in the effort for her to get used to cleaning up things, since this is one of the housewife's duties.

Now that Chrirista has lived in America 13 years, she has changed many customs such as celebrating Christmas on Christmas Eve. The Germans would have Christmas dinner, exchange gifts and talk with Santa. Chrirista states that Germany does not have a holiday named St. Valentine's Day. She has also forgotten White Sunday and Monday which is the seventh Sunday after Easter or Pentecost. May Day is a big holiday in Germany. The working class gets the day off (just working class). These people dance around a big decorated birch tree. Germany has no holiday named Halloween, but before Easter they have a holiday called Fashing. They all get dressed in costumes and parade around the town, and in the evening they have a great ball in a castle.

One thing Mrs. Gourley likes very much is the highways. She states, "They are much faster and smoother than roads in Germany." Mrs. Gourley Said, "I will never go back to Germany, because I am so used to the freedom and opportunities in America."

Interviewed: Ellen Slak Interviewer: Paul Lukon

The new Dutch liner left Rotterdam, Holland, and arrived in Manhattan, New York, on July 3, 1963, at 5 a.m. Aboard this ship was Mrs. Ellen Slak. The city was practically deserted at this early hour. The quietness and absence of people in the streets reminded her of her native Germany.

Mrs. Slak was six years old when World War II began. Being this young, she was terrified by the bombings. Since she and her family had lived in the industrial center of Germany, the Ruhr Valley, these air raids were a constant threat to their lives. Most of her life during these trying times was spent in air raid shelters and basements. As bombing intensified she was sent to different countries: Austria, Holland and Poland. Her father remained in the Ruhr Valley to work in the factories.

Poland was then under Nazi (National Socialists German Workers Party) rule. The Polish people had lived miserably under this rule. The Polish Jews suffered extreme hardships as they were left walking around in the snow with rags wrapped around them and begging for food. Many of the less fortunate were put into concentration camps. The German Jews had to wear yellow arms bands and sit on yellow benches. Living under these circumstances has made Mrs. Slak a very unprejudiced person.

While in Austria she had made her first contact with the Americans. These Americans were the soldiers of the United States Army. Her first opinion of our soldiers was very good. They were good looking, clean and always chewing gum. Mrs. Slak had never heard of chewing gum before. They also gave chocolate (which was very scarce) to the good looking German women.

The German customs are similar to ours since it is a Christian nation. Christmas and Easter are celebrated in the same manner. Weddings are not as elaborate, but they are more serious. The deceased are not exhibited. They are buried directly from the church. Mrs. Slak did not understand the American custom of staring at the corpse and saying, "Oh, he looks so good."

An amusing experience happened to her when she first arrived in Burgettstown eight years ago. While shopping she noticed a parade outside and asked the clerk what was the occasion. The clerk replied "homecoming." She asked who is the homecoming for? The clerk replied "the football team." Mrs. Slak asked where they were coming from. The clerk became disgusted and walked away.

Mrs. Slak had visited Germany on two different occasions and has appreciated the United States that much more on each return trip.

Interviewed: Kwi Son Lucas Interviewer: Evelyn Paniuscsek

Family History

Her parents were born in Korea. They never entered the United States, but her husband's parents did. Her father was a construction worker in Korea. Her mother didn't work. Her parents didn't let any of them do the housework. Her mother died when Kwi was thirteen. All together, they had five children in their family.

Coming to the United States

They had to take a physical examination first. Then they had to take English schooling for two days (without the schooling you couldn't receive your passport). Then after the two days of schooling you got your passport. After that everything went smoothly on their way to the United States.

Weddings

This is a big celebration. All of their weddings have all kinds of entertainment. Everyone gets together, no matter how poor they are, and helps out for this special occasion. The whole town goes and joins in on this special celebration reception. The reception lasts for three whole days. After the reception the bride and groom go to the groom's house to spend three days. Then after the third day they go to the bride's house to live. The first night after they leave the reception, some of the town's people go to their house and tease them all night. There are even times when they catch the groom and hang him upside down.

The Chinese New Year

All of the townspeople get up early in the morning and start working for this big day. Everyone in town gets together and gathers rice. They take this to the factory and grind it up for them to make rice cakes. Their main custom is to celebrate with a rice cake. Besides the cake, they have many other foods: chicken, beef, fish and all kinds of vegetables. The main food in Korea is rice.

Funerals

When someone dies, they make a coffin for the body and decorate it with flowers and all kinds of other colorful decorations. They take the body and place it in this coffin. The men all get together and carry it to the mountain top. The women are allowed to walk half way and are then sent back. When the men reach the top, they are to stay with the body for three days, to pray and to dress it up. Then on the third day it is buried.

The Month of August

They celebrate August because this is the month when everything is ripe and ready to be picked. This is a time when they all work very hard to harvest it (everyone together).

Homes

Their floors in their homes were always warm during the winter time. Underneath the floors is placed coal on one side, and this was enough to last all winter long. The coal was crushed into little pieces so it burned slower and lasted longer through the winter.

Conclusion

When they lived in Korea they had a garden and raised many foods. They also raised a few chickens. Their food markets are very similar to ours. Before they moved to the United States, they lived in Pusan, Korea. Then they moved to Taejon and finally they moved to Seoul, the capital of Korea. They lived in the United States for six years. She misses Korea very much, but she prefers to live in the United States. She did remark that she would like to visit her homeland someday.

Interviewed: James Barkley II Interviewer: Pam Lashorn

"My father was born in Scotland. He immigrated here in 1888 at the age of 25. His parents were dead. He came here to get rid of bad memories, and for the great opportunities this country was supposed to have.

"His port of entry was New York. From New York he moved to Pittsburgh, where he resided for a short while. After moving from Pittsburgh, he moved to Hanlin Station.

"When he was in Scotland he had many odd jobs, but when he moved to Hanlin Station Road, he acquired his first steady important job. He was a horse trainer on Shaw Hill on Hanlin Station Road. His next occupation was an advancement. He became a lamplighter for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"His job was hazardous at times when the weather was bad, but being that the job was close and he wasn't away for great periods at a time, he worked for the railroad the rest of his life, in spite of the hazards.

"My mother was born in Ireland. She immigrated here with her parents in the year 1900. She was only 17.

"My parents met and were married here in the United States. They lived on Hanlin Station Road with my five sisters, three brothers and me. Later my father passed away, but my mother didn't have it hard because my brother Eddie and I provided for her. My father's pride and joy was his family."

Interviewed: Marion Gophert Interviewer: Susan Conley

Life in Germany is hard, but for Marion Gophert, who came to the United States in September of 1963, it didn't seem to bother her to adjust to the hard working life style. She worked in a laundromat in Germany called Tempel, owned by her father, until she was about 20 years of age. Marion was then married to her husband, Dictor, and had two children. She then came to the United States and had another child.

Marion likes people here better than her country because the people here accept her and other people the way they are. They don't condemn you for not being in style or using the wrong language. She does prefer German food to American though. She is used to eating home meals and fancy foods. So she does not like the hamburger places we have here today.

Marion is well educated for only having gone to the 8th grade in Germany. She enjoys opera and classical music. She is presently studying Italian at the Weirton Community College. She lives beside the cleaners in a nice apartment with her oldest daughter who is 16. Marion loves to eat expensive foods and drink beer and wines.

Marion, who is 34, does not remember much about her home life or the way she thought of her future while she was in Germany. She does remember that you were expected and told to work a lot, and that the men like to drink and get married only if they have to or are getting past bachelorhood. Marion has not decided if she would like to become a citizen of the United States as of now. But she says she is thinking maybe within the next 10 years she will decide to stay in the United States and get her citizenship or go back to Germany to help her father, who is going blind, in the dry cleaners.

Interviewed: Paul and Sally Zibritosky Interviewer: Frank Zibritosky

My mother was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Her parents had come over from Germany, where they had lived and worked. When they came over from Germany they brought over several traditions. The traditions that my grandmother brought over were mostly dealing with cooking or baking of certain German foods.

My father's father and mother came over from Czechoslovakia. They brought over the regular Czechoslovakian traditions. By this I mean that they, too, had also brought over food dishes that were popular there. My grandfather had worked in the coal mine for several years until he found something he liked better. By then my father was old enough and since times were hard (economic situation), he too had to go to the coal mines where he made his livelihood. He advanced up to a boss where he retired recently. He had also managed to hold our present orchard and nursery business.

We live in Joffre today, where we own 157 acres of land which is mainly taken up with orchards and woods and a dam. We go out to the Washington Farmers Market and Hielderberg Farmers Market. Each market consists of many local people who grow and have large vegetable and fruit gardens. Each market is open every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. We sell, when in season, peaches, plums. apples, pears, nectarines, apple cider and some vegetables.

As an ending for my paper, I would like to say that we really ought to listen to our parents or grandparents when they are talking about what it was like back then. There is so much to learn from them, if we just take the time to do so.

Interviewed: Betty Peach Interviewer: Suellen Robertson

In 1919 in an old English town of Northampton, a woman by the name of Betty Peach was born.

Her education began when she was a small child and finished at age 14. In England, your schooling was over at age 14, as opposed to age 17 and 18 here in America. If you wanted to go and get more schooling, you had to go to a special school.

After her high school years, she got a job in a grocery store where she traveled back and forth everyday on her bicycle. In those days it was very prominent to ride a bicycle. Her job was about a mile from her home. She liked her job working under the manager as a salesperson; checking out the customers' purchases. She kept the same job until her arrival in America.

During World War II her town of Northampton was bombed several times. Even though the town was bombed, it didn't seem to bother them in the least, for they considered it as an everyday occurrence. During one heavy bombing, she could see from her window the neighboring town of Coventry burning to the ground. They learned that as long as the planes carrying the bombs were making noise they were all right, but when they stopped making noise it was time to hurry and run.

While attending a dance with a girlfriend, they met two American soldiers. One of them was Bill Pesta, who was interested in Betty. They dated for a period of three months. After about three months they decided to get married. After they got married, Bill was called back to America. Betty was then carrying her first child. She stayed in England until she had her baby, and when the child was 13 weeks old, she decided to come to America. They entered New York Harbor on the John Erickson. Everything on the boat was nice, the food was good and she was treated nicely.

She then took a train to Steubenville where she was met by her husband and his family. She had another child several years later. She visits England about every other year. Mr. and Mrs. Pesta now reside in Mingo Junction, Ohio.

Interviewed: Jean Chambers Interviewer: Lori McCracken

In 1901 John Ferrel came to the United States from Stockton Tees, England, as a mine inspector. He worked for nearly a year, saving money to go back to England, marry and bring his wife to America. Before he could get back to England, though, he broke his leg and his savings dwindled. In August of 1902, he sent for Kate Murt, a registered nurse from South Shields, England. They were married in Charleroi, but later they moved to Cheswick when he joined the Bureau of Mines. His pay was $1000 a year. They had two children, Letitia, born in 1907, and Jean, born in 1910.

On an afternoon in January, 1912, John and a coworker, Frank Seibert, entered a gaseous mine at Cherry Valley, Washington County. He was a first-aid man and had been with a testing station only a short time. He and Frank entered the mine to see whether it was safe to allow the company to resume work, as the mine was said to have been gaseous. Before they went into the mine, they explained to the others that if they didn't return within half an hour, start looking for them.

Shortly after they entered the mine, Frank complained of feeling sick and returned to the entrance of the mine. He had gone into the mine about 75 feet when the gas made him turn back. At that time he had been in the mine only about five minutes. John who started to return with him, disappeared into one of the entries and it seems that he walked about 225 feet in the other direction.

When Frank returned to the mine opening, James Reynolds, another first-aid man, went into the mine with an oxygen mask to look for John. He found him lying on his back with his helmet off. It was discovered then that he was dead.

Two months after her husband's death, Kate had another daughter, but she died in infancy. Left without support, she took her two girls and went back to England to be with her family and find work. When she returned to England, however, she discovered that her job opportunities weren't as great as in America and her family wasn't the same.

She then returned to America and opened a boarding house. After six years of managing the boarding house, she sold it and opened a candy store which she operated until 1927. She died in 1927 at age 52, after suffering a stroke.

Letitia died in 1931 as a result of burns suffered when her bathrobe caught fire from a gas heater. Jean Ferrell, now Jean Chambers, survives.

Interviewed: James Barkley, Jr. Interviewer: Melinda Barkley

"When my father James Barkley, Sr. was 25 years old it was just the beginning of his life. This is how old he was when he made the long journey to "The Land of Opportunity" which is the United States. He came from the old country of Scotland. It was a long and lonely journey for him because he came alone, his family being all dead. All were gone except one brother who stayed behind to keep up farming.

"He settled in the Pittsburgh area until his new job brought him to Burgettstown. He was to be a horse trainer. His landing point was Hanlin Station. But this job didn't satisfy him for long. He went on to bigger and better jobs.

"Then his life changed again. He met Mary Catherine Eyart, an immigrant from Ireland. Her trip to the United States wasn't as treacherous. She came with her family. It wasn't long before they got married, and then came the first child. Not long after, James Barkley, Sr. got his permanent job with the Pa. Railroad.

"This is a little part of his short life in the Burgettstown area. Every Saturday my dad traveled to Pittsburgh for groceries and necessities. He would get up early around six o'clock and would not return until 12 that night. He went by way of train. He would catch it at the station in Hanlin Station.

"Also on Saturdays, a peddler came around to the towns selling coffee. Another would be selling meats. The kids nicknamed the old meat peddler "Tony Bologna." My family would usually buy veal pockets and liver pudding, which was our Sunday dinner and breakfast. We had this every Sunday; it was a custom. My mother would do very much baking on Sundays, and the meal was big.

"Most everyone around Hanlin Station had cattle, a garden and pigs. The gardens were usually in the back yard enclosed in a fence to keep rabbits and other pests out. The usual crops were carrots, cabbage, lettuce, tomatoes, potatoes and corn. My mother would put up cans of tomatoes and fruits. They were usually kept in a cave that was dug out from the side of a hill. It was dark and cool in there.

"Our family usually had about 13 acres of pasture and graze land for cattle. The cattle were kept mainly for dairy products and not for butchering. There wasn't enough room for beef cattle, and the dairy cows proved more profitable.

"What we did butcher were the pigs. The best time for butchering is late fall or early winter. The meat will not be apt to spoil as fast and wouldn't smell as bad. The pigs were fed a mixture of corn or slop made up of the scraps from the table. In our house the dogs were jealous of the pigs because they got the scraps from the table, but when the dogs saw what happened to the pigs I guess they were glad. The pigs were also fed middlings (a mixture of water and a special formula).

"Butchering was mainly the men's job. The women made sure they had a giant feast waiting for them when they were finished. The men killed the pigs and boiled water and made the fire in which to boil the water. The water was used to take the hair off of the pig's skin. The men cut the pig into different portions and hung them up in white feed sacks on a big hook in the smoke house. The women did make sausage. They either salted it or smoked it to preserve it.

"I don't think butchering is gone forever. I agree it went out of style, but now with the high meat prices, it's coming back into style. The industries didn't help any. When they came many farmers went to work in them and forgot about butchering and raising hogs. Industries took up much of the land also.

Our holidays were all special, but I guess the most looked forward to was Easter. The entire family went to church together, and it was a day of rebirth. Many of the men worked the whole week and they really enjoyed Sundays.

"Christmas ranked second to Easter. There was one custom we had in our family, and if any of us broke it, we would have been broken. We never left the Christ out of Christmas, and instead write Xmas. That was a strict rule in our house. Then there is the chore of going out into the woods and chopping down the family Christmas tree. You weren't entitled to a big tree until your first child was born. Until it is born, you must have a small tree.

"The women and children strung popcorn and hung the decorations that were passed down from generation to generation in the Irish family. And to this day we still use them.

"The children were busy with plays in Sunday School and decorating the tree. And the little kids (like me) always managed to get in the way.

"Another holiday that I especially looked forward to was Halloween. We didn't go door to door and get candy but we did visit several houses loaded with tomatoes and eggs. But my father was very strict, and if we ever were destructive or broke anything, that was probably the last Halloween we would ever see.

"I started working at 13 so I thought I deserved some fun. And Halloween was the time I got it."

Interviewed: Mary Mitchell Alvarez Interviewer: Susan Alvarez

Catherine and Frank Micele were both born in 1891 (she on March 4 and he on July 14) in Calabria, Italy. They grew up together and married as childhood sweethearts. Frank Micele preceded his wife in immigration to the United States by seven years. He entered the United States in New York in 1914 (exact date not available), because of the economic condition of Italy and settled in Cedar Grove. When he had become more financially stable, he sent for his wife and seven year old daughter Conchetta (Clara) in 1920. During these six years, Catherine had worked in the olive fields of Calabria, often with Clara strapped to her back. Mr. Micele worked in the coal mines, and when work was good, he worked a full work week of five to seven days.

They immigrated to this area primarily because of the coal mines, 20 of them being in the Burgettstown area. The Burgettstown Mine was located where East Market Street is now. Also, they settled in this area because Catherine had a brother and a sister living in Courtney, Pennsylvania (near Monongahela). Catherine and Clara arrived by boat in New York Harbor, and went by train to Philadelphia where they were met by Frank. The family then moved to Cedar Grove, where Frank was working in Cedar Grove Mine.

Frank and Catherine Micele were the parents of 11 children -- six boys and five girls. Their family life was not an easy one, but they "weren't as bad off as some." They bought their groceries from the company store in Slovan, mainly dealing through credit. They ate what they could afford, mainly bread, potatoes and pasta. They had an enormous garden in which they grew everything else they needed in the line of foods, such as tomatoes, squash, lettuce, peppers, celery, corn and cucumbers. Naturally, they preserved their harvests by canning them all summer long. Their poultry and dairy supply came from a menagerie of chickens, usually about two dozen in number. For extra money, they took on boarders and made wine and moonshine from a still they had in the cellar of their house when they lived in Slovan.

Their holidays weren't anything "special." For Christmas, there were no toys for the children or anything like decorations we have now. (My mother claims she never had a toy in her life.) My mother says that the only way they knew it was Christmas was because they had special foods like baked goods. They did not celebrate Halloween because they weren't allowed to go trick or treating, due to the fact that my grandparents did not believe in the custom.

The 11 Micele children did all the housework. My grandmother believed that her job in the home was to cook and take care of the children. She left all the dishes and such for the girls to do. The children also picked coal. When the children were about age 16, Catherine and Frank made them quit school and help their father provide for their younger brothers and sisters. The girls went out and did housework. The Miceles were not great believers in education, but most of the 11 did finish their high school educations. One son graduated from college and teaches business education at East Liverpool (Ohio) high school.

There was recreation occasionally on the weekends. They could only go shopping one at a time because they had such a large group they could not all go at one time. Whenever and wherever they went, they had to walk because they had no car, and neither of them ever did learn to drive. Also, neither of them left the Burgettstown area after settling there in 1920. They both died in 1963.

Interviewed: Samuel Celinesa Interviewer: Melissa Bable

Albania is a small, mountainous nation in the Balkan peninsula of southeastern Europe. It borders Greece and Yugoslavia and is about as big as Maryland with only 60 per cent as many people. It has the population of two and one half million people. Seventy per cent are farmers.

"I was born in a small town of Greece called Makadomia. My country bordered Albania where both parents were born. When I was four years of age, my father was killed in World War I. My father left behind a small farm, in which my mother, sister, uncle and myself all lived together. Most people in Albania are farmers and every family depended on each other.

"When I was six years old, my mother sent me to a school with eight students in each class. The teacher only had eight or nine years of education. I only had five years of schooling because the Turks took over Albania and didn't permit anyone to teach. My mother and sister taught me what they could. Eighty per cent of the Albanian people didn't have much more education, so they couldn't teach me much more than I had already learned.

"When I grew older, I became very irritated with the other governments trying to take over Albania and telling us how to live. In Albania there was no future for us; unfortunately, I did not realize it soon enough. Many people left Albania in the last 20 years and came to the United States. We have read about how wonderful it was in the United States, although we were not permitted to read, but we did anyway. In spite of all the bad things they said about the United States, we found out it was all different.

"I got married and started a family, only to work the same fare I had worked since I can remember. We had no recreation in the old country, but to work, eat and sleep. Only time there was a party is when someone got married in the community. Everything was home grown: the liquor, the vegetables, butter, cheese and even our own clothes. When a steer or sheep was killed, we would cut it into many portions and distribute it among all of the families. There was no refrigeration so the meat could not be stored and kept fresh.

"As time went on, things didn't get much better. My people started to talk about Communism. I was very much against it, and so were many others. Finally in 1943, there was a revolution. It wasn't the north against the south, or east against the west, but Communists against the free people of Albania. Unfortunately, the Communists won. It was terrible because sometimes your relatives or neighbors were on the other side. It was more like village against village. It became so bad that you had to sleep with a gun by your side.

"Finally, in 1944, the Communists had taken over completely. Four other men and myself were forced to escape and leave our families behind. We escaped to Greece over the mountains which took us several days longer than expected. It was very cold; in some places the snow was four to five feet deep. Some of the men had frostbitten fingers and toes.

"I stayed in Greece as short as possible because it was also Communistic. Then I went to Italy and stayed for one year. I moved to France where I joined the United States Army. I wanted to be transferred to the U.S. I heard from

friends who fled from Albania in the 1920s that the United States was a good country, even though we would receive papers from Communists telling us that the United States was bad. The papers said that the Americans were lazy people.

"While I was in the army, they sent me to Germany where I met a lady who later became my second wife. I married Amna (the woman from Germany) a few months after I found out the Communists had killed my wife and daughter and put my son in a boy's school.

"When the war was over, all my immigration papers were taken care of because I was a United States Veteran of World War II. There, I met a cousin who lived in Weirton, West Virginia. Together we took care of my wife's immigration papers, and I sent for her a year later. I tried to get a job at Weirton Steel, but they refused to hire me because I was too old. So I got a job with a Phanition Blind Company. It wasn't hard because I understood what to do by watching the other men work. I couldn't speak English very well--it was broken--but I could speak perfect German, Greek and Albanian. I saved my money and built myself several homes which I rent out today.

"My name is Samuel Celinesa. I'm 65 years old and retired. I have three children, Fetina, Shapreshiz and Seckabonia. The youngest girl's name, Seckabonia, means a flock of eagles flying above in the sky. I've lived in the United States 23 years now, and it's a beautiful country. I'm very proud to be here. Before I die I'd like to return to my home land, but it is impossible, because I would be killed. I am very happy here with my family, friends and freedom."

Interviewed: Louisa Zuccaro Interviewer: Louisa Zuccaro

"My name is Louisa Zuccaro, and I came from a village in Italy called Supino, which is basically a small village. I will begin to tell you about the way food was derived for the people of Supino.

"As far back as I can remember, 1923 to be exact, the village had many little stores where the people could purchase their food. Quite a few beer gardens were located in Supino. Owners of these beer gardens set up stands and sell beer and sandwiches to the villagers. This was done occasionally and was extremely popular on Halloween.

"Homemade wine was also made by each family. Each member would unload cartons and cartons of grapes into a large tub, and everyone would climb into the tub and start crushing the grapes by walking on them. Of course, special rubber boots were required for this process.

"Gardens were scarce in the cities, but in the villages, they were very ample. The planting of their crops was done during certain months. Potatoes were planted in March, while tomatoes, beans and corn were planted in April.

"There were many butchers found in each town; the larger the town, the more butchers. When a customer wanted meat, he told the butcher, the butcher would then kill the animal, skin and clean it, cut the meat into the preferred portions and hang it up to dry. When the meat was ready, the customer would take it home and cook it for supper. If the meat was not going to be cooked the same day, they would have to preserve it by packing it in salt. This would only preserve the meat for a couple days. The reason for doing this was because they had no refrigerators or freezers in which to keep their foods and meat. Now, however, they are much more modernized; they have refrigerators and freezers. They also had to find a different way to cook their meat and vegetables, for they had no gas or electric stoves. The process of creating an artificial gas or electric stove was quite simple. They would burn wood until it was completely charcoaled, and they would turn and make this into pure, clean coal.

"Everyone in the village raised their own chickens and pigs in their back yard, which could be considered their farm. Men worked on these farms all day long for six days a week with a salary of only one dollar or five lira a day. The men would kill their own chickens and pigs while the women, who worked only for the men, cleaned and cooked them.

"Going about this job of cleaning wasn't an easy or pleasant task. They would dip the chickens into boiling water, remove the feathers with their fingers, and chop their heads off. Now, it's ready for a meal.

"The main food dishes in the home were ravioli, pasta con brodo di gallina (chicken noodle soup), spaghetti, minestrone (beans, potatoes, zuchini, cabbage and tomatoes with macaroni), gnocci, and pasta e fagioli.

"Extra curricular activities played an important part in the village. Dances would be held by each family where everyone would get together. Whoever could play an instrument would play, for no pay.

"On Sundays, large bands played for open dances. Each member of the town enjoyed these dances and attended weekly."

Interviewed: Germaine Romestan Interviewer: Terri Roach

Mrs. Romestan was born in Charleroi, Belgium, on November 12, 1896. She has lived in the U.S. for 72 years, for she left Belgium at the age of seven in 1903 along with her grandfather and the rest of her family.

They got interested in the U.S. through her aunt Vandebor who is no longer living. Her parents wished to leave Belgium for the sake of adventure, which is the best thing that happened to Mrs. Germaine Romestan.

Germaine started first grade at a school in McDonald, Pa. The English language and writing was not hard for her to pick up, although she went as far as the fourth grade.

Her parents never thought her wrong about the Americans for they liked them very much. The American people became their best and closest friends.

According to Mrs. Romestan, coming to the U.S. was not a mistake but was the best thing that could happen to a person.

Germaine's mother was born on September 21, 1874, and died January 22, 1942. Her father, Mr. Paul Lefebure, was born April 6, 1872, and died July 2, 1918. Both died of cancer.

After getting situated in McDonald, Pa., her father got a job as a coal miner. This was nothing new to him, for he was a coal miner in Belgium also. They lived close to his job, which was a necessity because there was no transportation and he had to walk to work.

Her parents were strict in their beliefs. Her father, being the head of the household, agreed that they go to their first American church, Midway Presbyterian.

Germaine, was the oldest of her four brothers (Almer, Alfred, Victor and Jules) and two sisters (Martha and Yvonne). Three of her brothers and both sisters are still living. Victor died at a young age. The family was very close, and all the children looked up to their parents.

When Germaine was 17 years old, she got a job at Voys Hotel in McDonald, Pa., doing laundry. She earned 15 to 20 dollars a week. She only worked for a year, for when she was 18 years old she ran away to Wellsburg to marry a Frenchman, Mr. Louis Romestan, also from McDonald, Pa. When they returned home, they lived where she still remains, after her husband's death, in Bulger, Pa. Her husband was born February 2, 1891, and died September 30, 1953. Louis was also, as her father, a miner. They had 15 children--10 boys and 5 girls.

Interviewed: Rosal Hupfield Interviewer: Jo Bender

"My husband died and I was all alone. I wanted to be with my daughter but she lived in the United States. The only answer was to immigrate to this country. The only language I knew was German; therefore, I had to learn English. Starting at a first grade level was very disappointing, but gradually progression took its place.

"I arrived in New York and was greeted by my daughter and her family. Later we went to the Immigration Department; I filled out a few forms and was asked a number of questions by a judge. Among the questions he asked me were who was the governor and senator of Pennsylvania since I was going to live there. Finally he asked me to write out, ' I am going to the store to buy meat,' but I couldn't. A waiting period of six weeks passed before I could acquire citizenship. I finally acquired it after the waiting period. Two months later, I was sworn in as a citizen, I received a small United States flag, a citizenship's certificate was handed to me by the judge, and finally a dinner was held in our honor. By "our honor" I mean that 68 other persons were sworn in with me. During this event, some of them gave small speeches saying why they wanted to be citizens of the United States.

"Since my stay in the U.S., no sign of prejudice was shown against me. The people are really kind.

"I enjoyed the different customs and traditions in Germany, but since I live here, I only keep one tradition. My daughter also keeps this tradition. On December 24, our Christmas presents are opened instead of on the 25th. Candles are put on the tree in remembrance of the Christchild.

"One advantage that Germany has that the U.S. doesn't is you do not have to pay doctors because the government does. In Germany at age 14 your schooling is over. You can get a job or else go three years to college to get your degree.

"I really enjoy the U.S. and the only way I would go back to Germany to live permanently is if my daughter and her family came with me. I have been a citizen for 11 years and I am proud of that."

Interviewed: Nila Alvarez Interviewer: Tom Evantz

"My name is Nila Alvarez, and I came to the United States with my three daughters to live. I came from Santander, Spain, in 1963. We arrived in New York in March, and the weather was zero. We were very cold because we didn't have any winters where I came from. We were all ill from the plane ride. We couldn't speak any English. Fortunately, we met a Spanish American at the airport who helped us and was coming to Langeloth.

"I had to make new friends and learn to speak English. The food is really different. In Spain everything is fresh from the day. We have fresh vegetables all year round. We get all kinds of fresh fish from the ocean which I miss very much.

"The weddings are all Catholic. There has never been a divorce in Spain. If two people can't live together they separate and can never marry again.

"Holidays made me homesick for my family. Christmas is the same day and celebrated the same but gifts are exchanged January the sixth. We don't have a Santa Claus. We call it Three Kings. At our first Christmas when we heard of Santa Claus, it was really something new to the girls. They really enjoyed it.

"We went by public buses to school. We attended until we were 16 years of age. This is not a high school. I went to a school for sewing. Most of the girls go for seamstress because the clothes are so expensive they cannot afford to buy them. They all knit sweaters.

"My mother had cows and chickens. We had a garden and grew potatoes, onions and vegetables all the winter months. They would butcher a cow and have enough meat for the winter. She would buy necessities.

"The cars and trucks are all Volkswagons. They don't have any big cars and can't afford them. The wages are very small compared to the wages here.

"My life here isn't too different from the one in Spain. The girls love the school, and my husband has a very good job. We are all adjusted to the American way, and we are very happy to be in the United States."

Interviewed: Mary Bartoletti Interviewer: Ted Culley

Evelyn Zambell came from Italy in May of 1907. Mary Bartoletti explained to me many of the different customs her mother has told her about. The Christmas holiday is celebrated in Italy on Christmas Eve. A lot of different fish are served along with baked goods and vegetables. Many friends and relatives get together for the Christmas holiday.

All the women of Italy sew their own clothes. They also did a lot of embroidery. The women worked hard in the fields or big gardens because most of their living was off the land. They made their own wine by getting into a huge tub of grapes and smashing them with their feet. (Of course their feet were cleaned.)

Women got married at a very early age. They had to ask their parents' permission. A lot of weddings were already arranged by their parents. The reception lasted for a couple of days. They served a lot of food of different kinds, and there was a lot of dancing.

Another Italian custom is the christening celebrations. When a child is christened, a big party for the godmother and godfather is held. Friends and relatives are invited to the party. They bring gifts of money. The godmother and godfather were really important, more than today. The gifts of money were pinned on the baby. This was money for the child when it got older.

Mary Bartoletti also told me a story about her mother when she was born. The title of the story is "Jenny".

Jenny lived in a small town in Italy with her husband and son Nickolas.

She had just had a miscarriage and was unhappy about losing the baby. In fact it was her fifth miscarriage.

There was an orphans' home near her home, and since she had a lot of milk they let her feed a little baby. The baby was beautiful, so Jenny and her family fell in love with her. The baby was born of wealthy parents; the mother of the baby was very wealthy and her dad was a doctor.

The baby's mother got in trouble, and her parents put her in a convent. She was very unhappy. She wasn't married, and they wouldn't let her marry.

So that's how Jenny took care of baby Evelyn. In the meantime they had applied for a passport to go to America. Finally they heard that everything was fine and they could leave. Jenny and her family were frantic about Evelyn and hated to leave her. She was like her own, nursing her and taking care of her.

So they decided to take Evelyn with them. It was a great risk, but they decided to do it.

They took a boat to America and never notified the orphans' home. They had a good arrival to America. Moving to a small town, they proceeded to live happily ever after. But somehow they were traced to America. The couple in Italy had run away together and married. They wanted their baby.

So Jenny and her husband kept moving so they wouldn't be traced. They were very lucky because the parents never did find Evelyn. But poor Evelyn, although she was given very good care, would never know her real parents.

When she grew up she found out and decided to try to find her mother and dad. Never finding her real parents, Evelyn married and had three lovely children--Mary, Larry and John Lauro. Her husband was Frank Lauro of Washington, Pa.

At the age of 31, Evelyn died of cancer, never knowing her real parents.

Interviewed: Ursula Gianfrancesco Interviewer: Stacy Galan

On February 22, 1927, a little girl was born in East Germany behind the Iron Curtain, into the family of Oskar and Hulda Schl[illegible]pschula. Little did she know that someday she would want very much to leave her homeland and come to a land of opportunity and freedom -- The United States. It's called the land of the free and the home of the brave -- America the Beautiful. Those of us who live in this land think nothing of all we have and appreciate it so little. However, each year thousands of people from other countries come to the United States, many times to escape poverty, war and dictatorial governments. Getting here may be difficult, but to an immigrant it's worth everything it takes to become a citizen and have the privileges and rights of an American. You and I should realize this. Thus begins a factual account of the life of Ursula Gianfrancesco.

Upon asking this soft-spoken lady for an interview, it was obvious that she was shyly embarrased but pleased at my interest.

Ursula Gianfrancesco met an American GI whom she married in West Germany. He returned to serve his country and then sent for Ursula to join him. Her first child, Mary Jean, was born in West Germany and then came to America with her. They came over on a Greek liner and had no problems with immigration officials upon entering the United States. To Ursula, the United States was an exciting land having many luxuries she had never even seen in East Germany. In her small hometown of Henschlebein, which is in the heart of Germany, life had been rather primitive. She had known only outside facilities and water pumps. Telephones, which were a great luxury, were owned only by businesses. They never had nice clothes since most of the good quality things went to Russia.

She recalled that once when her sister purchased a pair of shoes, they melted right off of her feet as she was walking in the rain. Cars were few and bicycles could be seen everywhere as the major means of transportation.

Ursula had just finished grade school when the war began. This was a horrible time for a small girl. During this time they didn't have many dairy products or any type of food. Her parents would cook potatoes and mix them with vinegar, and this would be their meal. When bombs were hitting, she recalls hiding in underground shelters for protection. Her greatest fear was of the Russians. Once, as she was walking to get food, she saw that the Russians had returned. She cried all the way home upon seeing cows brutally butchered in the fields for no reason and young girls being viciously raped. Another reason for her great hatred of these people was because the only things they had to get around on were their bicycles, and the Russians stole them, forcing them to walk everywhere.

During the war, food was rationed, and once as Ursula was riding her bike to get food for her family, she was stopped by a Russian who took both the food and the bike.

But, there were happier times in her life. A German wedding was quite different from one in the United States. To announce a wedding, a wreath was placed on the door of the girl to be married. It was also customary for all the little children in the town you lived in to break glasses and bottles on the doorstep of the groom. The groom then sweeps the glass away for good luck and gives candy to the children. The bride and groom then went to the Justice of the Peace who was in the neighboring town. Upon their return, the children of the town would stand across the street holding a string so that the bride and groom couldn't pass unti they threw money. On the day of the wedding, flowers were strewn across the road from the house to the church. The marriage was performed under the flag because they believed this was right. When you were engaged, the ring was worn on the left hand and then at the marriage was switched to the right hand.

In the winter months in the evenings, people in the town got together and killed geese, took out the feathers and made pillows and bedspreads out of them. This was done at a different person's house each time, and they made a party out of it.

They had the same holidays as we had except for a special one. There was a big celebration six days after the Easter Holiday which lasted two days to commemorate the building of the church. On Sunday no one did any work -- even the factories shut down because it was a day of rest. On Saturdays there were usually dances and movies.

When I asked Ursula for some of her recipes she brought with her, she had them handy -- right in her head. Here are a few of them:

GERMAN CAKE

3 tablespoons Crisco
6 eggs
1½ cups sugar
Pinch of salt
1 cup of milk
Rum, brandy, almond, vanilla and lemon flavoring
(½ tsp. each)
3 cups flour
3 tsps. baking powder
Mix together and bake.

Use powdered sugar or butter cream
on top.

DUMPLINGS FOR CHICKEN BROTH

5 eggs
½ cup water
Flour to thicken it
Mix together, take spoonfuls,
and drop into broth.

CHEESECAKE

Same dough as for German Cake

Filling

2 tablespoons cottage cheese
Mix with 5 eggs
1½ cups sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
2 cups raisins

Mix more flour and roll out.
Put in shell and make strips
on top.

Ursula Gianfrancesco was born behind the Iron Curtain in East Germany. In her family there was her father Oskar, her mother Hulda, her sister Irmgard and her brother Helmut, all to whom she was very close. She worked as a schoolteacher when she was 18 years old and gave the money to her family. She crochets beautifully and bakes superbly. When asked, however, what she is most proud of in her life, she replied, "coming to the United States, marrying and having a family."